

THE
SOUTHAMPTON
UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE
MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. NO. 46.

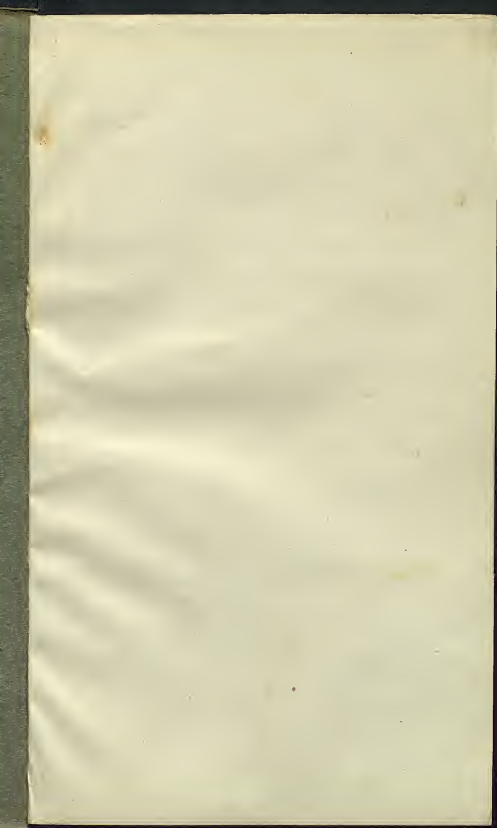


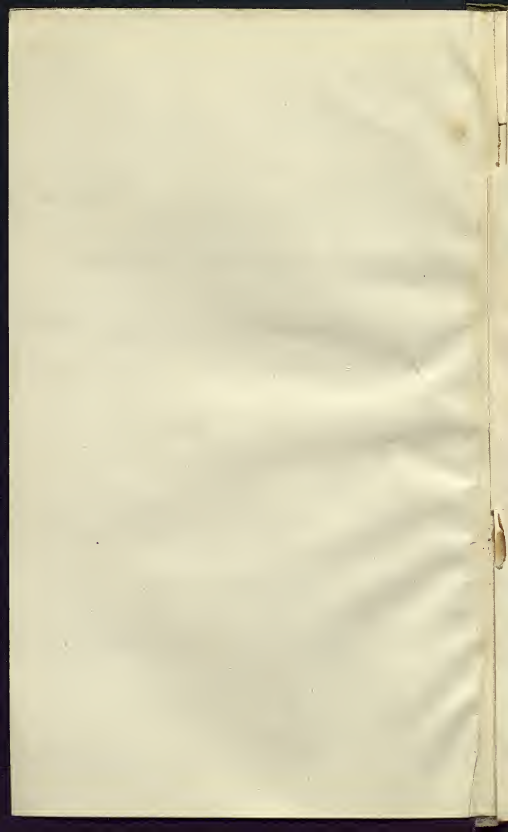
WINTER TERM 1916.



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THE
Southampton University
.... College Magazine

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WINTER TERM - 1916.

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"Maria."

MISS B. BARRIE,
"Olivia."

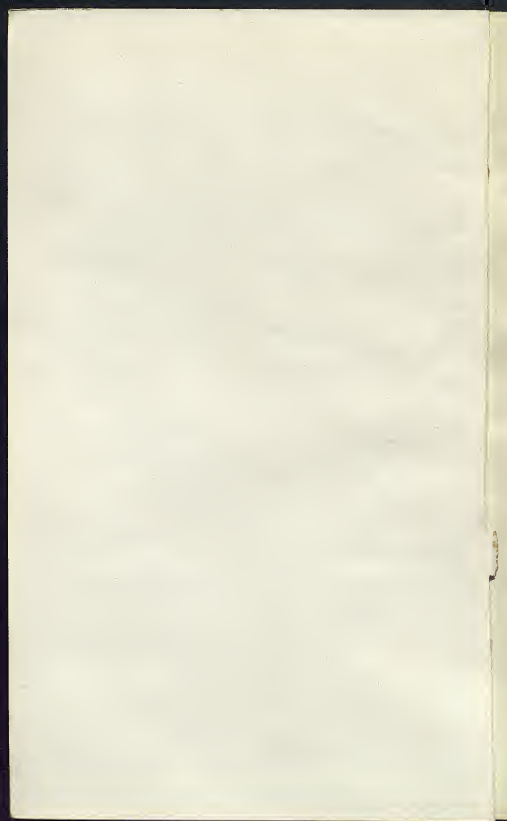
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"Sir A. Aguecheek."

DR. J. W. HORROCKS,
"Sir Toby Belch."



THE SOUTHAMPTON University College Magazine.

= = *Editorial Notes.* = =

"Ave atque Vale."

During the months which have elapsed since the last issue of the Magazine, it has been with regretful feelings that we have observed many depart from College, who were our comrades during our first session. It seems but yesterday that we stood in the Central Hall at the first public gathering of the students, when the Principal presided. Then we were but juniors, and regarded our superiors, both staff and seniors, with awe and respect. A junior's first impression of College must necessarily be widely different from that of a third year student. Then College life is all before, with its glamour and attraction. The unknown is always awaited with trepidation and impatience. As we watched the terms slowly roll by, we realized that seniors were neither so awe-inspiring nor so infallible as was once supposed. Our heroes had quickly fallen from their lofty pedestals, and by our third term all seemed totally different from what we had anticipated. Our quondam heroes were quickly transformed into "jolly good chums," and there were none so poor as to do them reverence.

Now, in our third year, as we take a retrospective glance, we must realize how our minds have been broadened, our sympathies changed, and our outlook on life altered by coming into contact with so many varied personalities.

College life should mean much to every member. Our ultimate object is doubtless to secure a certain academic status or to acquire a certain quantity of refinement and

intellectual efficiency; yet there are other departments of College life which to us seem of equal importance. We all know the type of junior who enrolls on the College Register with the object of spending day and night in the realms of book-learning. To his efforts might be applied the appropriate epithet of Carlyle's, "Dry-as-Dust." To this type of man we say most emphatically: "Cast your preconceived notions of the absolute power of book-learning on one side." We all know that in the greater world beyond College days a man to be truly efficient must have ability to deal with his fellows. A mere academician is quite out of place, unless it be in the sheltered security of some University; and very few of us have the ability to become University dons. Hence let us associate actively with our fellows, both men and women, while the opportunity is ours. Let us determine to take a greater share in the social life of our institution than we have done in the past. The time will quickly arrive when our happy days at College will be over. Then it will be useless to look back with regret on opportunities wasted and friendships which might have become permanent, if only we had been less selfish or less concerned with our own petty, immediate sphere. The social life of the College is truly a splendid preparation for efficiency in the world beyond. One can never know too much of his fellows. The smallest personality on the face of the globe will remain to the end of time the most baffling and incomprehensible phenomenon a philosopher has to face.

We are truly optimistic, and believe that selfish passions and egotistical sentiments are found less in College than in the struggling community outside; but we are not so credulous as to imagine that College is some impossible Utopia, where self becomes merged in a larger unit. Even in College we have much to learn. Our corporate life is not always free from petty strife, and we must endeavour to work as unanimously as possible in the coming session. Our idea of College life should be to render mutual help wherever possible. A life in which self is entirely subordinated to wider interests is the only truly happy and really efficient one. Let us then, juniors and seniors alike, go forward into another session trying to render mutual assistance whenever desirable. Then, when College days are over, as they will soon will be for many of us, we shall be able to look back with pride and pleasant memories to the "good old days gone by."



We frequently think with longing feelings of those of our

former comrades who are scattered throughout the habitable globe, and wish they could be with us in the old Common Room once again, or traverse, arm in arm, the echoing pavements of the High Street as of old. Such things are not yet to be, but we patiently wait and hope. We are confident that those students whose College days are completed would re-echo the sentiments we have expressed relative to juniors taking an active share in all College societies this session. They would remind us that "Time is short, and life is fleeting," and would affirm in the words of Ruskin that "If you once form the resolution that your work is to be well done, life is really won, here and for ever."

H. J. W.



Since our last issue, several members of the staff have joined the colours. Professor Sutherland has been gazetted in the Royal Artillery, Professor Shelley is in the A.S.C., Mr. Davis is in the Royal Welsh Fusiliers and Mr. Parker has obtained a commission as full Lieutenant in the R.N. Air Service. Mr. Marle, who had previously served at the front in the Chemists' Section of the R.E., has obtained a commission, and is now in charge of the 3rd Water Column of the B.E.F., an highly important and responsible position. It is his duty to test and control all sources from which water used by the troops is obtained, as well as to ensure that they have an adequate supply.

We have to record congratulations already offered to Professor Sutherland, on his obtaining the doctorate, which has been awarded to him by the University of Aberdeen for his contributions to the study of Marine Fungi.

The departure of the above named members of the staff has necessitated special arrangements for carrying on the work of the departments in their absence.

In the Education Department, Mr. Albert A. Cock has been appointed as Acting Professor. Mr. Cock has been for ten years assistant to the Professor of Education, Master of Method, and Lecturer in Logic at King's College, London. He has been a frequent contributor to the periodical press on subjects connected with ethics, aesthetics, and especially, poetry; and a collection of his poems has been published in one of the Little Volumes of Georgian Verse.

In the Department of Biology, Miss Loader, B.Sc., is taking some of the classes, and in that of Chemistry, Miss Thomas, B.Sc., is acting as lecturer.

With the opening of the session a change was made in the status of the Lecturer in Hygiene. For some time past, Mrs. Andrew McKaig, M.B., Ch.B., had acted as Honorary Lecturer, and the students had been particularly successful in the examinations of the Board of Education. Mrs. McKaig, has now come on the ordinary staff of the College as Lecturer in Hygiene.

The College occupies an exceptional, and perhaps unique, position in that, despite the demands made by the war, the number of students is now almost the same as before it. This position was not contemplated at the close of last session. After the introduction of Lord Derby's scheme practically all the day students who were accepted by the Medical Officers joined the forces. Amongst the evening students were many men who were badged and therefore at liberty to continue in attendance on the classes; but overtime reduced their attendance very seriously. Those who were not badged enlisted, and before the session was over many of the classes had fallen to half, or in some cases to much less than half their initial strength. Everything therefore seemed to point to greatly reduced numbers in the 1916-17 session. But that estimate proved fallacious. In place of decreasing, the entries in all departments of work have increased in number, as compared with the last two years. In the day classes, the number of men is of course small, and the increase is wholly due to the large entry of women students. The great advance in the entry for evening classes may be attributed to the peculiar industrial circumstances of Southampton, both actual and in prospect.

The general effect is that, taken as a whole, the activities of the College are distinctly wider and more complex than they have been in any previous session. Like all modern Universities and Colleges the U.C.S. is a complex organisation. It consists of three sections, all more or less distinct, although they are all interdependent. It is a University in the strict sense, a Day Training College, and a Technical Institute. Its work as a University College and a Day Training College is familiar to all our readers, but its work as a Technical Institute may not be so well understood. In this aspect it performs a function which is absolutely essential to the industries of the district. In point of fact, the bulk of its work is greater as a Technical Institute than it is in respect of either of its other functions. At the same time it is only its

position as a University College and a Day Training College that enables it to supply the teaching required by the highly-skilled industries of the district.

The majority of the evening students are engaged chiefly as apprentices or improvers in the various engineering works of Southampton, Woolston, and Eastleigh. Hence most of the work is concerned with mathematics, engineering and physics in their various branches. In mathematics—the foundation upon which all knowledge of the various branches of engineering is erected—the numbers are far in excess of those recorded for any previous year. But the evening classes of the College meet the requirements of many other trades besides engineering, as well as supplying both general and specialised commercial instruction. Moreover, though the technical side naturally predominates in the evening work, classes are also held in the ordinary arts and science subjects for University and other examinations; and both in the evenings and on Saturday mornings lectures and classes for the benefit of the teachers of the town are a prominent feature.



After interviews early in the year with Admiral Prothero, the Hampshire representative of the Sailors' and Soldiers' Help Society, a scheme was submitted to the College Council in May, and adopted by them, for offering free courses of training to disabled or discharged sailors and soldiers. It was thought that a certain number of men, before actually going back to their previous occupations, would like to increase their knowledge and skill, whilst others, prevented by their wounds from resuming their pre-war trades, would need to find some other means of gaining a livelihood. Men whose calling had required the complete use of their limbs might have to take to a sedentary occupation, and many who had followed a sedentary occupation (especially those whose lungs had been damaged by gas attacks) would have to aim at an outdoor life. The scheme adopted by the Council covered instruction in a large range of occupations—industrial, commercial, and technical, as well as courses in education. It may be remarked that under conditions defined by the Board of Education men disabled from pursuing an active career will be allowed to prepare for the profession of Elementary Teacher, notwithstanding the fact that they have not passed any of the qualifying examinations. More recently the question has been put before the Technical and other Institutes of the county by Sir Alfred Keogh, and the

Association of Technical Institutes has appointed a Sub-Committee to consider the subject, with Professor Eustice as one of its members. The proposals of this Sub-Committee are almost identical with those adopted by the Council of the College last May.

In connexion with the day-work of the College, it is interesting to note that there are more students preparing for the Honours Degree in Chemistry than in any previous session. The needs of the country in regard to the provision of thoroughly-trained scientific chemists have often been emphasised, and are obviously making themselves felt, and it is gratifying to find that already a response to this demand begins to show itself within the College area.

A number of public lecture courses are being given at the College or elsewhere by members of the staff, and the attendances have been eminently satisfactory.

M. Hastings Le Vaillant is lecturing in French on Molière, with illustrative readings. M. Le Vaillant, who was formerly Senior Lecturer in French in University College, Bristol, is Examiner in Oral French for the Foreign Office (Diplomatic Service) and the Civil Service Commissioners.

Professor Cock is dealing with the history of modern philosophy from Descartes to Kant. The attendances have been notably good, considering the recondite nature of the subject.

Professor Lyttel is giving a series on the history of Europe since 1815—of special interest as bearing on the antecedents of the present war.

Under the joint auspices of the College and the Hampshire Branch of the Geographical Association, Mr. Fawcett is

delivering a course of six lectures on the geography of the chief areas of the war. In his lectures, which are attracting an extraordinarily large attendance, Mr. Fawcett is seeking to set forth the geographical conditions which have to be taken into account, whilst avoiding anything in the nature of a partisan treatment of the subject, and making it clear that factors other than geographical will also have to be taken into consideration in any settlement which aims at permanence.

Mr. Mackie has completed a series of Extension lectures on the modern novel. In the course of it he took the opportunity of paying tribute to the exquisite genius of Jane Austen—who, it may be remarked, lived four years in Southampton, though it was a non-productive period. Next term Dr. Horrocks is to deliver a course on "the spacious times" of Queen Elizabeth. During the Christmas vacation Professor Stansfield is to give a series of talks to children about Electricity, with experiments.

The programme of the Southampton and District Branch of the Historical Association for the session includes several contributions by members of the staff. Dr. Horrocks has already spoken on Sir Thomas More's "Utopia"—a work of quatercentenary interest; it was printed in December, 1916. Mr. Mackie is down for the December meeting on the light thrown by Old English National Poetry on the life and customs of the English in the 7th and 8th centuries; and at a later gathering Dr. Hill is to speak on the history of the Universities.

A note should be given to the Shakespeare Tercentary celebrations in the Summer Term. The arrangements were in the hands of a Committee representing the College, the Girls' and Edward VI. Grammar Schools, and Taunton's School. The programme consisted of an opening address by Dr. Hill on "Shakespeare the Man;" a short account of the Elizabethan theatre (illustrated by lantern slides) by Professor Shelley, who acted as producer; the presentation, after the manner of the Elizabethan stage—for

which the College Hall proved eminently adapted—of the Malvolio scenes in "Twelfth Night" by members of the College; and of scenes from "Julius Cæsar" and "Henry V." by boys of the Grammar School; and renderings of Shakespeare songs by pupils of the Girls' Grammar School and by Taunton boys. The performances were given on the afternoon of Wednesday, 31st May, and the afternoon and evening of Thursday, 1st June, and there was a crowded attendance on each occasion. The proceeds went to the St. John Ambulance and Red Cross Societies. The dramatic parts of the programme were repeated on the following Saturday at Highfield Hall Hospital; and these, with the songs, were to have been given at Netley Hospital, but the death of Lord Kitchener caused a cancelling of this arrangement.

The *dramatis personæ* for the "Twelfth Night" scenes were: Sir Toby Belch, Dr. J. W. Horrocks; Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Mr. P. A. Watts; Malvolio, Mr. N. C. Street; Feste, Miss G. M. Ferguson; Olivia, Miss B. Barrie; Maria, Miss F. Lunn. The costuming, which was of Shakespeare's own day, was carried out by members of the College under the direction of Miss Steel.

Mr. Mackie contributed the note on the genius of Shakespeare which appeared on the souvenir-programme.



HONOURS LIST. ❧

+ + +

B.A. Honours.—Miss B. K. Balls (2nd Class, Modern Languages,

Miss M. M. Acock (3rd Class, Modern Languages.)

Miss E. W. Childs (3rd Class, Modern Languages.)

B.A. Pass.—2nd Div.—Miss A. M. Colson, Miss L. M. H. Millward, Miss E. C. Roche.

B.Sc. Honours.—Miss D. F. Thomas (2nd Class, Chemistry).

Miss F. M. Loader. (2nd Class, Botany).

Mr. L. H. S. Clark (3rd Class, Physics).

B. Sc. Pass, 2nd Div.—Mr. E. F. King.

Subsidiary Maths.—Miss H. S. G. Wallen, Mr. W. V. Stubbings.

Inter. Arts.—Miss Absalom, Miss Bosworth, Mr. R. Chapman.

Inter. Science Hons.—Mr. R. Ludford (3rd Class, Botany).

Inter. Science Pass.—Miss B. E. Hunt, Mr. N. C. Street.



CASUALTY LIST. ❧

Lieut E. R. Boyce, 6th Dorset
Regt., wounded.

Pte. Kitcatt, 9th Hants, wounded

Pte. L. A. Pretty, Chemists' Sect.,
R.E., wounded.

Pte. Jenkins, R.G.A., wounded.

JOINED SINCE LAST ISSUE OF MAGAZINE. ❧

Prof. G. K. Sutherland, Lieut., R.A.

Prof. J. Shelley, M.T., A.S.C.

Mr. H. J. David, Royal Welsh Fusiliers.

Mr. T. A. Parker, Lieut., R.N. Air Service.

Mr. L. A. Pretty, Chemists' Sect.,
R.E.

Mr. Jago, R.F.C.

Mr. A. Dove, R.G.A.

Mr. Collins, Vet. Corps.

Mr. Tarrant, H.A.C.

Mr. Boote, Carbineers.

Mr. Dingle, Friends' Ambulance
Corps.

Mr. Phillips, Y.M.C.A. (France).

CHANGES. ❧

Lieut. Marle is now in charge of 3rd Water Column of B.E.F.

Mr. R. P. V. Carpenter, has obtained a Commission in the Machine
Gun Corps.

Sergt. P. Glover has proceeded to India.

"FESTINA LENTE."

+ + +

It has been frequently mentioned in political newspapers that topics dealing with the underlying theories of the great parties in the State should be tabooed in war time. This seems to me, however, to be the wrong position to take up. While it is, perhaps, undesirable for heated debates and discussions to arise in the House of Commons during the present crisis, it seems absurd to carry this position to the extreme and to state that all theorising as to the constitution and status of political parties after the war, and as to facts relative to the underlying doctrines of our political parties, should be abolished.

It is the purpose of this short article to expound why moderate views will be especially desirable when the Dove of Peace once more alights on the earth, or in other words to state why Conservatism in its broadest aspects should be dominant in political thought after the war.

Natural conservatism is a tendency of the human mind. It is a disposition opposed to change, partly due to a distrust of the unknown and partly to a faculty in men to adapt themselves to their surroundings, so that what is familiar merely because of its familiarity becomes more acceptable than what is strange. "Look before you leap," is a proverb which expresses a well-nigh universal conservative sentiment. Men and women feel that their lives are enshrouded in mystery; dangers from the unseen spiritual world and from the unfathomed passions of men all haunt the minds of men and make them recoil from change as unwholesome. Of course while to distrust the unknown is in many respects desirable and essential, yet such a distrust often results in the impeding of all true progress. The Japanese civilization remained stationary for many years because the statesmen refused to welcome the inventions of the Western World, and allow the country to be flooded with new ideas and fresh aspirations. Thus Conservatism is strictly a question of degree. Progress, whether in social science or in the theory and practice of government requires a certain readiness to surpass a stage already reached and to test novelties.

Really, the two sentiments of eagerness to advance and fear of the dangers of untried experiences, however, superficially contradictory are complementary and naturally dependant.

The restraints of Conservatism are the indispensable condition of efficiency, and of progress in all spheres of man's activities. The unbridled passions of mankind, as for example, during the French Revolution, produce ruin and decay of all that is great, high and true in human society. Religions disappear, well-tried institutions and systems perish, and the individual life of the man, with his soul's purpose before him, becomes swallowed up in the heat and fury of a tremendous revolution.

When the war in Europe is over the people of the earth will demand new conditions. Such a world-wide catastrophe as we are witnessing cannot possibly pass without man's whole mental outlook becoming altered. No political party's programme will be the same after the war as before, and on appealing to history, it seems highly probable that certain sections of the community will demand new and startling changes in our economic system, our Constitution and our Church organization. Then, if never before, the tendency of man to desire new systems should be balanced by his reluctance to advance into the unknown and untried paths before him. Conservatism should then, as ever, form the one dominant creed behind the conglomeration of political parties which are sure to arise.

It is never clearly understood by the British public generally, what Conservatism actually means. We cannot do better than refer to Burke, who although nominally a Whig was, perhaps, the greatest Conservative in reality this country has ever produced. He insisted on the importance of religion and the value of its recognition by the State. Secondly, he hated and denounced strenuously all injustice to individuals committed in the course of political reform. Then he maintained that there never could be truth in such a conception as the equality of mankind. There must ever, in any political unit, be distinctions of rank and station, not on the basis of wealth, but on that of intrinsic merit and service to the State. Also private property was upheld as an institution sacred in itself and absolutely vital to the well-being of society. The Socialist, in elaborating his programme, always leaves out of consideration one vital and all-embracing factor, namely, that the passions of mankind,—greed, avarice, desire for position and all the other passions which go to make up a human character,—can never be eliminated from economic calculations. If one aristocracy be destroyed to-day, another, usually more selfish and far more tyrannous, is destined to arise to-morrow. The main factor in Burke's political theories, however, is that he urged the necessity of keeping continuity with the past and making changes as gradually and

with as slight a dislocation as possible. This is the very essence of modern Conservatism, and can be the only solution to a satisfactory after-war policy.

"*Festina lente*" has proved of inestimable value to statesmen in the past. Let us learn from history and apply it in the future. Modern Conservatism stands for a glorious future to the British Empire. Its tendencies are to enlarge the outlook of the average citizen, to inspire him with an idea of the destiny and greatness of our land, and to produce those social reforms which are clearly desirable, without serious dislocation of the Constitution or the disturbance of our economic life. Whereas Socialism would tend to level all men down to the same mechanical type, each being merely an unit in the social fabric, Conservatism sees with prophetic vision that you can never *really* benefit a man by giving him a new social system. Permeate his life with new aspirations and legitimate desires, give him an insight into the inner and deeper truths of life, and you have saved his soul and that of England as well. Conservatism has always endeavoured to realise that a great nation is more or less religious. "Church and State" has always been one of its watchwords. As Burke has remarked: "The consecration of the State by a State religious establishment is necessary in any political State."

We have endeavoured to show that a tendency to hastiness of action after the war may be followed by numerous catastrophes, but a clear-sighted statesmanship, permeated with Conservatism as outlined, will tend to the satisfaction of the individual and to the prosperity of the Empire.

H. J. W.



LE BEAU GARÇON SANS ENNUÏ

(With apologies to Keats.)

* * *

Oh! what can ail thee, Junior Rep.,
Alone and palely loitering?
The bell, now five is past, this night
No more will ring.

Oh! what can ail thee, pensive lad?
Thy comrades to their homes have gone,
The last lec. of the day is o'er,
And swot is done.

I see the sweat stand on thy brow,
With anguish moist and bluish funk,
As if, but for some work to do,
Thou wouldest bunk.

"This Monday morn a task was laid
Upon me, chosen to uphold
The rights of Juniors, battled for
By knight of old.

"This lady, too, approaching now,
Will at yon meeting watch with me
That harm may on no student fall
By fell decree."

Oh! what can ail thee, dauntless lad,
As thou thy seat doth boldly take,
For glances strange are cast at thee,
And no mistake!

Oh! what can ail thee, heedless wretch,
As, on thy hind legs proudly firm,
Thou statest that the bun-boy has
Not been this term?

Thy business surely is not great,
 Nor pressing, if but this be all;
 One fears that hoaxers *sans merci*
 Have thee in thrall.

Oh! what can ail thee, downcast youth,
 The stairs descending six a time?
 The door shuts with a bang, and this
 Must close our rhyme.

E. P. K.



NOVEMBER 18th, A.D., 1916.

* * *

"This was the happy morn,
 That day, long-wished day
 Of all our lives so dark"

whereon we had decided to "leave our books in dust" and journey to Newport, which is situated in that renowned island known as the Isle of Wight.

"Calm was the morn, and through the trembling air
 Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play"

when we walked forth from our domicile of learning and wended our way towards the Pier. By 11 a.m. we were on the "Princess Beatrice" anxiously waiting the arrival of our ever-punctual centre-forward. She came just before the boat was due to start and was received with cheers. (Did someone say they were wasted on the desert air?)

At 11.10 a.m. we slowly glided from the Pier across the whispering waves. The majority of the team were seated on the ropes in the bow, and to keep our spirits up we sang Coll. songs. Did I say "sing"?—Well, let it pass, but the other passengers might well have exclaimed, "What a caterwauling do you keep here!"

We needed something to keep our spirits up, for were not the three "bad sailors" amongst that noble crew? and had they not lived that hour's journey in anticipation many times during the past week?

All went well, however, until we passed Calshot, and then "the stormy winds did blow" and—

"Not for a moment could we now behold
A heaving sea and be what we had been."

.

Zephyrus was softly playing no longer, but a strong northerly wind played roughly by the time we arrived at Cowes, and snow was falling. From the pier we went to the railway station and purchased our return tickets to Newport (and that will be ninepence!) I expect the pleasures of the Island's railways are not unknown to all readers, so I leave you to imagine the effect of the smoothly gliding coaches with their fresh atmosphere on "the three."

At last we reached Newport, and found it was still snowing heavily and the ground covered. Hot coffee was the next item, the first item to be enjoyed by all. We then journeyed to the Recreation Ground, and arrived in a more or less damp condition.

A match was impossible, but we decided on a scratch game, and all the members of our team turned out except one who had a very severe cold, and consequently was asked to refrain from unnecessary exposure to the elements. We borrowed from the Newport club to make up our numbers, and then the fun began. A windy blast and snow were both there in sweet profusion at the bully-off, and continued to be there throughout the game. But it was "some" game! After a few minutes we awoke to the fact that the snow was penetrating through our hockey boots and reducing our feet to a temperature approaching zero. Our clothes withstood it a little longer, but slowly and surely we approached that condition known as "drenched and frozen." Notwithstanding, we enjoyed the game immensely. But, as most things do, it came to an end, and we adjourned to the pavilion to—no, not to change togs; the one sensible thing about hockey is that it prevents one from taking cold, no matter how wet one may be. Hence we never fail to take a change of clothes.

We adjourned to the pav. to don our coats and to have tea. Yes, everyone enjoyed tea, although "the three," keeping the thought of the return journey in the focus of consciousness, enjoyed it in moderation.

Tea over, we said good-bye to Newport Recreation Ground and made for the station. We paced the platform for half-an-hour in the hopes of raising the temperature of our feet by one degree, but—nothing doing!



One dot represents the railway journey to Cowes; another the walk to the pier; and the last, the weary waiting for the boat to get a jerk on. At last we left the warm (?) precincts of that cheerful (?) bay, "nor cast one longing, lingering look behind." One of "the three" reposed in the saloon during the return journey, the other two sat huddled closely together and braved the wind and rain.

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind."

No, we were not ill, but felt very blue. We received occasional visits from the others, and occasionally scraps of conversation drifted to us on the "breeze."

Eventually "Her Majesty" reached Southampton. More rain! but what bliss to be on *terra firma* again.

Take comfort, weary souls; we shall not visit THE island again until next January.

"ONE OF 'THE THREE.'"



THE IMPROMPTU SPEAKER.

▼ ▼ ▼

Oh! never say that I am slow of speech,

Though silence seem its flow to qualify,

As easy might I Aramaic teach

As charm my audience with the terse reply

To such a question:—"Should tramps aspire

To evening dress?" On all occasions rare

Ideas are shy, flow not as I desire;

I stutter, stumble,—everything but swear.

The crowd applauds my yet unuttered words.

I gaze round stumped for thoughts appropriate,
Essential to debates. My brain affords

No prompting to my tongue, and late, too late,

I murmur—"Mr. Speaker" and I frown;

My minute being up, I sit me down.

J.

"TEACHER." x x x

* * *

LET me introduce to you a destructor of the child mind, whom I will call, for want of a better name, "Teacher." "Teacher" has charge of 24 pieces of undiluted mischief which she calls Standards II. and III., and here I would give you—not as a model, oh, youthful reader—the mode of procedure which she adopts in her dealings with them.

Firstly, imagine a room—not over large, only overcrowded. It contains many little ones whose ages vary from 7 to 14, and two older people, whose age it will be better to leave out of the question. Let it suffice to say that they are "Teacher" and "Teacher's missus." Now, the other day Teacher set out to instruct her part of the assembly in "The Mysteries of Life in the Norman Times," and something like the following dialogue ensued. "Now, children, what were we talking about last time?" "Sin" was the unanimous answer. "No," said Teacher. "I mean, what were we talking about when we were talking about King Arthur?" "King Arthur," ventured one boy, who was more brilliant than his fellows. "Yes, a very good answer. We *were* talking about King Arthur. Good boy, Billy; King Arthur. Now, children, what were we talking about last time?" "William the Conqueror," ventured one. At this point there was a pause while William the Conqueror's champion had his ears boxed, during which time the other 23 had a free fight. Soon, with the help of Teacher's missus and a small "coaxer," order was to some extent restored; so Teacher resumed—"Yes, we were talking about King——?" "Arthur," bawled those of the class who were not otherwise engaged. By this time Teacher had warmed up to her subject, so she proceeded, "What do you know about King Arthur?" Judging by the general lack of intelligence displayed on the "front-pages" of the class, they knew nothing, and cared still less; but Teacher had her job to finish, so she went on in a pleading tone, with a note of crescendo running through it, "Children, what *do* you know about King Arthur?" At last the brilliant boy remarked, "Please Miss 'ee wus a King, s'orl rite ter be a King Miss, you 'aves all you wants Miss." Such answers as these could not be permitted, so Teacher demanded that Billy's answer should be made again, and the "h's" put in. So Billy repeated, "H-e wus a King Miss." "Yes, Billy, but that was not all," said the gentle voice of Teacher; so Billy continued: "H-its

Horlrite to be H-a King Miss, you H-aves H-all you wants Miss." Now, this answer, you may imagine, needed no investigation; but there you show your lack of knowledge of the improved methods of education, for Teacher, who is one of those people who "contend to the uttermost," investigated. "How do you know he was a King?"—mysterioso—"Cause he wore a crown," remarked a voice—jollioso. "How do you know he wore a crown?" demanded the instructor, with an "I've caught you this time, you young imp" air. "Because all Kings do," came the ready answer. Q.E.D., surely!

Now, it began to strike Teacher that, for a lesson on "Norman Life," she had missed her aim somewhat, so she pulled up and made a new attack. "Now, children, I'm going to tell you about Doomsday Book—such a big, heavy book. Who knows what Doomsday is?" But as far as the class was concerned "Theirs not to make reply," so Teacher resumed. "Well, you'll know when it comes, and woe betide anybody then who has not paid attention to me! Very well, since you know nothing about Doomsday. I shall tell you nothing about Doomsday Book." Here the Schoolmarin from her desk took a furtive look round the class to see the effect that this threat had had, but, to her grief, she found that those of the assembly who had neither heart nor chance left to play up were in a semi-comatose condition. But this state of her class had no effect on Teacher, for still cheerfully and with a fair amount of courage she launched a new offensive. "Now, children dear, I'm going to tell you about a very wise King who once reigned in England. Now, can anybody tell me that wise King's name?" "Arfer," remarked a very small, dirty urchin, who had just woke up in a casual way. "Arthur, you little idiot, Arthur! he's been dead and buried hundreds of years. His name was not Arthur. What *was* his name?" "Gee-awge," remarked the same voice in the same casual way. "George!" exploded Teacher, "George—I'll George you, and Jack and Jim you, too, if you don't answer more sensibly." But the volunteer of George had gone to bye-bye again, so the remarks of his educator were lost on him. "Now, can nobody tell me his name?" said Teacher. Nobody could; so everybody was instructed to find out.

Here Teacher's missus, whose hair and temper stood on end, rang the bell wildly and the lesson ceased.

A MIXED POEM.

+ + +

T'was a bright October morning,
 In September, last July;
 The moon lay thick upon the ground
 The snow shone in the sky.
 The flowers were singing sweetly,
 The birds were in full bloom,
 As I went down in the cellar
 To sweep the upstairs room.

The time was Sunday morning,
 On Tuesday, just at night,
 I saw ten thousand miles ahead
 A house, just out of sight.
 The door projected inwards,
 The front was at the back,
 It stood alone, between two more,
 And it was whitewashed black.

P. J. L.



A DAY AT COLLEGE. ✕

*(Communicated to the present writer by the shade of
 Samuel Pepys, Esq.)*

* * *

DID rise at 8.30 this morning in response to the call of my landlady's cat, which awakened me right early by her devilish caterwauling outside the casement. So dressed and downstairs, where found nought but the frizzled remains of a long-defunct herring, which, and the impudent demand of my landlady for the rent, did turn my poor stomach right over. Thus no breakfast, but mighty pleased at the thought that, being a fine day, I would pay a visit to College. Therefore to my closet for hat and boots, and into the street to take the tramcar, where a mighty pretty conductorette, the which I

winked my eye at, but seeing my "missus" outside on the path, did fall into much trepidation. So to Coll., but neck nearly broken in the entrance hall by falling over a bucket left about by the cleaning-wench. Hereafter did stop and read a notice of a tea to take place in the Women's Common Room, the sum of sixpence required, the which I did not possess, but slyly bethought me of peradventure sneaking in unawares, as mightily anxious to see this place. So on to the Men's Common Room, where tried to get warm at the stove, but certain rude fellows pushing in before me, blocked up all the room, so that did stand shivering till the bell sounded. Then to my lecture, where did addle my poor pate trying to find out what it was all about, and marked off accordingly. Afterwards to our Common Room again, where managed to pinch a bag containing some stale cake-crumbs, which did please me mightily. Heard strange tales of a body being caught talking with a wench, for the which he was bound and cast into the Women's Common Room; that do seem to me very strange as a punishment, but difficult to believe all one hears. Hence to a General Meeting, where much noise and nothing doing. Did resolve to cut next lecture, as too cold to work, so singing Coll. songs till one of the clock, when back to digs. to lunch, as mighty peckish, and did drink three of small Bass, but landlady still dunning me for the rent, and no possibility of a grant, so did return to Coll., where idled away the afternoon until the tea-time. Pleased at prospect of tea with the women, howbeit abashed at finding the disproportion of them to men, but did quickly recover, and securing a good seat did get on famously with my neighbours. Much astonished at hearing one cry out in a loud voice asking what ailed me, but reassured on hearing the other fellows lustily affirm me to be allright. After tea to a scientific lecture, which did bore me exceedingly and glad when over, following which did escort ——— home, but a mighty long way to go in the cold. Then back to my landlady's, who refused me supper, so did smoke a pipe and then to bed on a poor empty stomach.

P. Q. R.



THAT "Koo" has been to Winchester.

THAT Mr. Gregory has paid for the Forum tea.

THAT "Hitchy" goes to church to see Mr. G——y most Sunday evenings.

THAT Mr. White does not intend us to starve, in arranging so many teas this term.

THAT "Joe" is responsible for "moustachios" becoming famous among the men once again.

THAT the Soirée Committee could have a decent affair on its own, to the mutual satisfaction of the majority of its members.

THAT a "romance" has recently entered into the life of the Gen. Sec.

THAT there is great oratorical ability among the junior women.

THAT four well-known members of the College were absent from the Science Society lecture.

THAT Mr. Percy Watts has embraced the "Simple Life," and now spends his leisure moments in driving pigs.

THAT the Juniors were "taken in" at the Entrance Exam.

THAT Mr. Gregory *does* enjoy soirées.

THAT "Ben" leaves his digs. at 8.45 every evening.

THAT we mustn't be "Appii" at the Forum.

THAT Miss Ploughman occasionally arrives at a 9 a.m. lec.

THAT "Kelly" must be for aye a back number—a memory of the good old days gone by.

THAT the students, hockey-players plus the others, enjoyed the return journey from Winchester.

THAT the Winchester field is "some" rolling plain.

THAT a "gobli" goes down well in drill time.

THAT no one knew that Miss Knott had a birthday.

"SOULS OF POETS DEAD AND GONE."

It fell out upon an even that I dreamed a dream; and in my dream I walked among the shades of those who during their sojourn upon the earth had been faithful servants of the Muses. And as I walked among the strange places, methought I found a scroll, whereon was written: "Behold, the writings of the mighty verse-makers which they have written concerning the experiences which they experienced upon the earth, when they drank of the well of knowledge in the places which men call colleges." And within the scroll were many little scrolls; upon them were written the names of the great verse-makers. And I opened the first scroll, which was Tennyson's scroll; upon it was graven thus:

Broke, broke, broke,
By the cost of that great Deb. Tea!
And no one must hear when I mutter
The words that occur to me.

And the next scroll was Wither's scroll; and on it was written:

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because no bunboy's there?
Shall I shed the salten tear,
That no savoury viands are here;
Were they spicier than before,
Were there never such a store,
If I have some grub with me
What care I how sweet they be?

And upon Herrick's scroll was written:

Counsel to Knuts:

Wear ye your striped hose while ye may
And waistcoats simply killing;
For the same kout that swanks to-day
To-morrow may be drilling.

And upon Keats's scroll was written:

To a prosy lecturer:

Now more than ever seems it sweet to sleep,
To slumber thro' the lecture with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy notes abroad
In voice so loud and deep:
Still would'st thou speak, and I have ears in vain,
Unto thy prosings long become a sod.

And upon Longfellow's scroll was written :

The Junior at his first soirée :

Tell me not in mournful accents
This is but a passing dream :
That lecs. start again on Monday
Come and have some more ice-cream.

And as I made an end of reading these scrolls, there fell a darkness about me, I awoke, and walked again upon the earth.

P.Q.R.



EFFORT'S THE GAIN. ❧

• • •

Who said Despair ?
The flowers of yesterday
Are withered. I have watched them fade away.
Time's rotting finger touched them, and they died.
Would I were dead, and lying at their side !
Eyes closed, and mind at rest from earthly care.
I said Despair !

I cry Despair !
The grey dawn's moon
The dank and crawling mists, the sun at noon
Beckon me on to rest. Oh let me die !
Listen to Life's sad undertone of tears ;
Art deaf, oh man, to every groan and sigh ?
May Sorrow trim *thee* with his pruning shears !
I cry Despair !

Up, faint heart, hear the bugles calling now,
How thin and clear they are, how piercing sweet !
Does not thy blood leap up, and shame thy brow
To hear the dull sob of men's marching feet ?
A hymn of hope thou hearest. The grey frost
Yields to the sun. Despair cries loudly "Lost !"
And sinks 'neath Effort's hand, while on the wing
A small grey bird in heaven is heard to sing.

A. M. B.

THAT TERRIBLE DREAM. ❧ ❧

+ + +

One night last week I retired to rest, hoping to sleep soundly and have my usual pleasant dreams. But such was not to be my fate! My head on the pillow, soon I entered the land of Nod; but "where were the pleasant dreams—ay, where were they"? They did in very truth escape me that night. Words fail to express the awfulness of my dream. It was terrible! horrible! most hideous!! So great an impression did it make upon my mind, that I cannot forget it, and so I have decided to describe it, hoping thereby to relieve my feelings to some slight extent.

No doubt you wonder what was the subject of a dream which could cause me such anxiety. Let me tell you,—it was the *New College at Highfield*. In my imagination I spent a morning there. But where was the resemblance to our dear old Coll.? There was none. It could only be described as an *earthly Paradise for swots!!*

The Coll. itself was approached by a stately avenue of trees, somewhat similar to the approach to Winchester Cathedral. Imagine it, Readers! no dear old High Street, where student meets student strolling along to lectures at 9.15 a.m. No smell of fish shops; no running into bicycles and motors, and escaping by the skin of one's teeth; no cake shops, where one is wont to go at break; no stretch of water, by the side of which one can sit with a novel, after cutting lecs. There was not one familiar spot to be found!

It was just before 9 a.m. when I arrived. There were the students walking about, book in hand, swotting as if 'twere a matter of life or death. I remembered the old Coll, and could scarcely believe what I now saw. I scanned each face eagerly in the hopes of seeing some familiar face,—but no!

"All, all were gone, the old familiar faces," my zeal lessened, I felt "all, all alone, alone in the U.C.S."

I entered the portals, which, to my mind, could not be compared with those of our old Coll. Knowing the students would proceed in a few minutes to an Education Lec., I closely brought up the rear, and followed them. Upon entering the room, I examined my watch, when I found it wanted yet *five* minutes to 9. Judge of my utter astonishment! think, readers! of how our men very often walked in at 9.15 a.m., how at the present time, students are often turned out of lecs. for not being punctual! But in this Paradise, such a thing

could not be. All were eager to work!! with pen in hand, (no one used a penny pen, but fountain pens) thick heavy note books on desks, eyes fixed on the Professor, they waited eagerly for him to commence. Soon they were writing,—not illegible notes, such as we produce at end of term, but neatly compiled shorthand notes. At last, feeling thoroughly sick at heart, I turned and walked out of the room, mentally comparing these swots with the students of to-day.

I opened the door just in front of me, and found the most tidy room I have ever seen; not a student there, not a book to be seen, no crumbs on the floor, no shoes on the couch, no drill tunics hanging from the gas bracket, no cups and saucers and no hand mirrors. Concluding this must be a room belonging to the staff, I get out of it as quickly as my legs would carry me.

I entered a beautiful corridor, with windows on one side (hygienic), and beautiful statues alternating with massive pillars. Think of the "things" we call corridors, with water running down the walls. "Well," thought I, "where are the hats?" Not a hat was to be seen! I remembered the hats of all descriptions, tidy and untidy, cheap and expensive, hanging upon our walls. But this little palace must have had a special cloakroom, where students could safely deposit their possessions without fear of finding afterwards that the latter had suddenly acquired a pair of legs.

After a great deal of trouble, I succeeded in finding one of the lecture rooms on the Arts side. Knocking discreetly on the door, I quietly and slowly opened it and walked in on tiptoe. I was greeted with a number of looks, which plainly said, "What are you doing here? Why don't you get out of it?" I sat down and awaited events. In about half a second, all eyes were again fixed on the Professor, and everyone was working with all her "might and main." Not a smile was to be seen on any face,—no whispering was heard. The Professor, grim and stern, could not possibly have joked, or unbent in any way. I mentally compared this with our present lects. in that subject, and well, I don't think I need make any statement concerning that comparison.

Finally I reached the Library. There was no notice concerning speaking, so I could only suppose there was no necessity for such. Here were plenty of students; heads drooped over books; there was no sound of whispering; and no continual buzz of people passing through the swing doors.

The holy time was quiet as a Nun,
Breathless with adoration.

I could not refrain from asking a student whether Terminals were drawing near, but my question remained unanswered, and all I received was a freezing look. I turned to another student, who looked a little more charitable, and asked the way to the W.C.R. I did hope that this might be somewhat the same as at the old Coll. She gave me a host of incomprehensible directions; I thought over these, and then summoned sufficient courage to ask her to take me to it. Looking decidedly annoyed, she arose, walked sedately down the corridor, opened a door, and left me, while she herself returned to her beloved studies. Somewhat disappointed I sat down and looked around, when—I found myself in the very room which I had thought belonged to the staff! Could this be the W.C.R., this very tidy room? Astonished and almost disgusted I sat there, with tears in my eyes, until I was disturbed by an inflow of students. It was their break!! “So,” thought I, “they do actually tear themselves away from books for a short time. I wonder if they will besiege the cake shop and buy doughnuts for their lunch?” But suddenly I was brought back with a jerk. I remembered there were no cake shops near at hand! Oh no! very ladylike, these students took out cakes and sandwiches from their cases, sat down and ate them, but with apparently no enjoyment. Then with book in hand, they quietly walked up and down the corridor, swotting away, never slanging, or making the slightest sound. Suddenly I found myself alone; all had departed to their lecs., *for cutting lecs. was unknown.*

I next visited the Art Room. I thought of the happy times we had spent, when supposed to be drawing, of the short hour and half we put in, and the splendid results we produced! Work was out of the question; we did not understand its meaning. To these students, it was, in truth, a reality. What were they doing? painting small twigs, vases, flowers? Oh no! they were artists, painting men and women, huge landscapes, statues, etc. There was no scrambling for the fire, or eating sweets! These did not worry the artists; their business was work!

Leaving them to their folly, I finally reached the portals of the Coll., and passed out them by, glad to enter an atmosphere of purity and freedom. “That ever it should come to this!” I could no longer endure the strain; my head was going to burst; the ground—Thank Heaven! I awoke at this stage.

A.B.C.

QUOTATIONS APROPOS. ✕

+ + +

MR. H. WHITE.

"With eloquence innate his tongue was armed."

Dryden.

HOCKEY.

"Away they scour impetuous, ardent, strong,
The green turf trembling as they bound along."

Robert Bloomfield.

IMPROMPTU SPEECHES.

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

"Hamlet."

"Koo's" RING.

"All that glitters is not gold."

Shakespeare.

MR. LEAPER AT PHYS.

"Foot it featly here and there."

"The Tempest."

TWO SOIRÉE-ITES IN MATHS. ROOM.

"Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
creep in our ears."

PRIVATE PRETTY, FROM FRANCE.

"This life is most jolly."

Shakespeare.

SENATRESS HOPKINS.

"Some have greatness thrust upon them."

Shakespeare—"Twelfth Night."

CPL. GILGAN AT COLL. TEA.

"Who is he that cometh like an honoured guest?"

Tennyson.

D'ALBERTS.

"So mixed."

Shakespeare.

JUNIORS AT DEBATE.

"The speaker rising to be seen,
Looks very red—because so very green."

O. W. Holmes.

ROOM 28. MONDAYS, 9.5 A.M.

"Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now."

Tennyson.

JUNIOR SENATOR.

"We sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent and bold."

Wordsworth.

JUNIORS' ENTRANCE EXAM.

"Forget not yet the great essays,
The painful papers in relays."

(Apologies to Wyat.)

EURHYTHMICS CLASS (25/- PER TERM!!!!).

"Farewell! thou art too dear for *my* possessing!"

Shakespeare.

COLL. SONGS.

"Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made!"

Milton.

CONCERNING TEXT-BOOKS DURING LECs.

"Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought."

Drummond.

ADVICE RE GRANTS.

"Ah! make the most of what we yet may spend!"

Omar Khayyám.

"Koo."

"His lion-port, his awe-commanding face,
Attempered sweet to youthful grace."

Gray.

NORMALS AT DRILL.

"Presumptuous maid! with looks intent
Again she stretched, again she bent!"

Gray.

'OSTEL STUDENTS.

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

Milton.

C. U. CONCERT.

"Will no one tell me what she sings?"

Wordsworth—"Reaper."

ON THE BRIDGE AT 9.45 A.M.

"What crowd is this? What have we here? We
must not pass it by."

Wordsworth—"Stargazing."

EDUCATION STUDENTS.

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by."

Wordsworth.

EURYTHMICS.

"Step to a tune, square chests, erect the head,
'Ware the beholders."

Browning.

JUNIOR MEN AFTER SOIREE.

"Youth sighed, 'Which Rose make ours,
Which Lily leave, and then as best recall?'"

Browning.

PRESIDENT AT TRIBUNAL.

"Charges, I say not whether false or true,
Have been preferred against you some time since."

Browning—"Luria."

DURING LECS.

"A drowsy numbness steals the sense."

Keats.

ABSENCE OF PROF.

"How work grows play."

Browning—"Two in a Balcony."

THE SWOT.

"Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day."

"Hamlet."

JUNIOR EXAM.

"Yet never think, dear spirits, if now ye may
Remember aught of that brief earthly day."

Bridges.

C. U. SOCIAL.

"Music, when sweet voices die, vibrates in the
memory."

Shelley.

CHARLIE.

"We seek him here, we seek him there."

"Scarlet Pimpernel."

W.C.R. CAT.

"Where is the poison to poison her, prithee?"

Browning.

MR. BENNETT AT SMOKER.

"The music ceased, the applause was loud."

Longfellow.

LECTURES AND THE STUDENT.

"They comfort him by night and day;
They light his little little life away."

Tennyson.

A JUNIOR.

"He hath no thought of coming woes."

Tennyson.

THE MERRY FINCH.

"The voice of the bird.
Shall be no more heard."

Tennyson.

JUNIORS TO SENIORS.

"I have not lacked thy mild reproof."

Tennyson

MAIDEN SPEECH.

"My heart did swell, my bosom heave;
I felt as tho' deprived of speech."

Anon.

U.C.S. WOMEN.

"And tell me now what makes you sing
With voice so loud and free."

Mackay.

THE RAMBLERS.

"We hand in hand went many a mile,
And asked our way of all we met:
And some did sigh and some did smile,
And we of some did victuals get."

Anon.

INTERVAL.

"Around the stove they warm their limbs into a
drowsy glow."

Anon.

WELCOME SMOKER.

"The smoke in thick wreaths mounted higher and
higher."

Mackay

BI-LAB. PRACTICALS.

"All things have rest. Why should we toil alone?"

Tennyson.

COLL. DANCES.

"Dividing and gliding and sliding."

Southey.

"BEN."

"You heard music; that was I."

Browning.

RIFLE CLUB.

"We must use it discreetly, and not waste powder
for nothing."

Longfellow.

SOIREE NIGHTS.

"O precious evenings, all too swiftly fled."

"Miles Standish."

CABBAGE.

"All things come round to him who will but wait."

Longfellow, "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

MISS SUMMERS GILL AT "FORUM" TEA.

"The life of woman is full of woe!
Toiling on and on and on!"

"The Golden Legend."

MISS FER . . SON.

"In all her words and ways she seems
Much older than she is in truth."

"Golden Legend."

MR. WHITE TO STUDENTS WHEN NOMINATING.

"Decide not rashly."

Longfellow, "Masque of Pandora."

NOEMALS' MORNING WORK.

"To walk, to sit, to sleep, to wake, to breathe."

Tennyson.

BEFORE FORUM TEA.

"Slowly comes a hungry people."

Tennyson.

MR. WH . TE.

"Then should the business-like Howard like himself
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels
Leashed in like hounds should chairman, secs. and
others
Crouch for employment."

Apologies to Shakespeare.

THE COLL. QUARTETTE.

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art."

Shelley.

MR. ST . . L.

"Let me not play a woman's part for I have a
beard coming."

Shakespeare.

M.C.R. ANCIENT RELIC.

"Cursed be he that moves my bones."

Shakespeare's Epitaph.

PRESIDENT OF THE TRIBUNAL.

"I must be cruel only to be kind."

"Hamlet."

"ENERY" AT SOIREE.

"Take her up tenderly, lift her with care."

Hood.

MR. CANTELO AFTER SOIREE.

"Joy to the victors."

Scott.

MISS B...R AT C.U. CONCERT.

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breath such divine, enchanting ravishment."

Milton, "Comus."

MR. WATKINS.

"I know I do not love thee! yet alas!
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass
Because they see me gazing where thou art."

C. E. S. Norton.

MR. ALKER IN THE VAC.

"Oh swallow, swallow, flying South,
Fly to her and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee."

Tennyson.

MR. WATTS (SENIOR).

"This is the way, laughed the great god Pan,
(Laughed while he sat by the river),
'Tis the only way since gods began
To make sweet music"

Apoligies to E. Browning.

AVERAGE ENGINEER.

"Books were his passion and delight."

Longfellow.

CYCLISTS AT LEE.

"Here about the beach we wandered, nourishing a
youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science and the long result
of time."

Tennyson.

MR. CAN . . LO.

"I know not too well how I found my way home
in the night."

Browning, "Saul."

MISS SUMMERS-GILL.

"I'm nothing, if not critical."

Shakespeare.

SMOKING IN CORRIDORS.

"A custom more honoured in the breach than in
the observance."

Shakespeare.

SOIRÉES.

"Those move easiest who have learnt to dance."

Pope.

MEN'S COMMON ROOM.

"Battered and decayed,
Let's in new light through chinks which time has
made."

Walker.

SOCKS.

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet."

Lord Houghton.

JUNIORS IN THE LIBRARY.

"There studious let me sit."

Thomson.



OUR JUNIORS. ❧ ❧

* * *

Creeping, creeping, ever creeping,
Stealthful glances casting,
Thro' the transverse corridor,
By the stairs and creaking floor
Went our playful juniors.

Creeping, creeping, ever creeping,
To the men's pegs stealing,
Breathless then they quickly took
Ev'ry coat from off its hook,
Did our playful juniors.

Creeping, creeping, ever creeping,
With their hearts a-leaping,
To the dark unholy place
Where they sewed, as for a race,
Did our playful juniors.

Creeping, creeping, ever creeping
To the seniors sitting
All on solemn business bent
To inflict meet punishment
On our playful juniors.

Creeping, creeping, ever creeping,
Sighing, sobbing, moaning,
For their deep and dire disgrace,
Shame was seen on every face
Of our playful juniors.

L. F. E.

LAPSUS LINGUÆ ❧

* * *



There is one man sitting round the table.

Miss Steele.

We want something concrete—a cake for example.

Prof. Cock.

Mark Antony was a great admirer of Shakespeare.

Miss Steele.

We hold these meetings every Tuesday fortnightly.

Mr. White.

We don't no longer say - - - -

Prof. Watkin.

We must first ensure that the water is made dry.

Prof. Eustice.

Turn your head to your partner even if you haven't got one.

Miss Moon.

This one is twice as nearly equal to - - - -

Prof. Stansfield.

That smell sounds rather strong.

Miss Elliott.

You catch sight of it when you're not looking at it, but you can't see it for the life of you, when you are.

Dr. Alex. Hill.

History deals with *men* and *human beings*.

Prof. Cock.

Never mind me and my triplets.

Mr. Leake.

We must split ourselves up a bit.

Miss Rider.

You must take a breath before "life."

Mr. Leake.

STANZAS WRITTEN IN EXTREME DEJECTION ARISING FROM THE TRIBULATIONS OF A TEACHER.

* * *

Certif: hath tolled the knell of College play,
"Inspections," "crits.," and terminals are o'er!
Twelve other teachers plod their weary way,
And leave to memory all those days of yore.

Beneath that damp old roof, that ancient pile
Where oft we gathered for our lectures grave,
Each in her own old place, and file by file,
The Freshers sit—the same old path to pave!

For us no more the blazing (?) fire shall burn,
Or prof. come late to us, his waiting prey,
No merry songs shall please us while we learn,
Of Art's progressions, or of Handwork's way.
Can memory fond, or animated tale,
Back to the College bring us—all the lot?
Can lecturer's voice arise again, or fail
To make us merry, "row" us, or what not?
Soon shall you see, with dirge, in sad array,
Slow through the leafless "Av." old students borne
Hartleyite, read, (if thot *can'st* read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn!

Epitaph:

Here rest their heads upon the lap of Earth,
Young maids to Hartley College not unknown,
As Students, the whole town rung with their mirth
As Teachers, Death soon marked them for her own.



A TIRESOME TELEGRAM.

+ * +

It was during that pleasant time arranged for by those in authority for the amusement and edification of students during vacation (commonly known as school prac.), that there came a message to those privileged to take advantage of this kind thoughtfulness on the part of their elders. From mouth to mouth it flew, like lightening—"A telegram has arrived; if you go to the coll. you may see Prof. Shelley."

Great was the excitement among our little band, and, as soon as I escaped from school, I made a dive for college, leaving a message at home on my way, but refraining in my youthful enthusiasm, from anything eatable, in my endeavour not to be too late.

In the way I met a student making for home. I explained my errand, but her imagination had not been fired; she was too practical by far, and hinted at a journey for nothing. Feeling somewhat smaller, but with my courage still undaunted, I left her to ruminate on the rashness of youth, and trudged on alone.

At length I reached my destination, and caught sight of well known forms and old familiar faces. There we were, a dozen of us, assembled in the front hall, waiting to see another old familiar face, but feeling rather vague nevertheless, as to the chance we had of so doing. After some explanations, two of our number were despatched to open the all important telegram, and to 'phone back the result of their explorations. Truth demands that I tell you also the fate of two others, who unable to hold out any longer, went off to buy tea, and were not seen again that evening (by us, I mean).

Our diminished number of faithful ones prepared patiently to await events, and some of us began cheerfully talking on the front steps. After about an hour, (as time travels when one is waiting), we strolled inside, there to become a little more virtuous, for patience *is* a virtue, and we were surely gaining more of it as time went on. Yet, hope ebbs fast. Would the bell never ring? What could those two be doing? Weary wait, weary wait. Ah! the bell at last. At the joyful sound we pulled ourselves together, and, like stout Cortes and his men, "looked at each other with a wild surprise." What would the verdict be? At last it was pronounced, the wild surmise was a reality—the telegram was *not* from Professor Shelley.

That was all we knew and all we needed to know, as we took our leave and returned home to our ill-used teas, to laugh with my practical friend at the trick our enthusiasm had played us.

C.S.N.

THE INITIATION. 20

* * *

There it hung, the skeleton of a man symbolic of all that our worldly ambitions may realise, grinning maliciously at the mortals who had gathered there to do it homage. The white faces of the uninitiated mortals, who huddled together in a group as if for greater safety, were dimly outlined in the uncertain light against the darkened walls. Naught could be heard save the low murmur of the wind in the long corridors outside and the chattering of the Juniors' teeth over which the owners had temporarily lost control, as one by one they left the aforesaid group and, having sunk each upon his knees, tenderly pressed his closed lips upon the aforesaid skeleton's ankle. The ominous tones of a warning voice pierced the gloom, "Defile it not with thine hands," and with the mighty effort of one who throws himself back from the brink of a precipice the little victim would regain his balance and rise quietly to his feet. Then with a hunted look in his eyes would he once more seek the society of flesh and blood, and smiling a sickly smile upon those of his fellows who were as yet suffering the agonies of suspense would he try to inspire them with the courage necessary for the terrible ordeal.

R. T.

THE PLEASURES (AND PAINS) OF
KEEPING A DONKEY.

* * *

ALLOW me to introduce you to Ned o' the Week-days and Edward o' the Sundays. Is he not just sweet with his shaggy coat and big brown eyes? He looks such a dear, good, affectionate donkey, that you exclaim: "How docile he is!" or "Oh, what a darling!"

Do you know him? I think not. You have not owned him for five years, or you would comprehend my feelings. You would understand how it is that nothing ever surprises or affrights after one has owned an ass. A donkey is nothing that he looks and all that he does not appear, and in artfulness he is unequalled.

In his paddock stands a large pear tree. If more than one pear falls at a time, he bites every one of them before beginning to eat any; thus he secures them all for himself. Once, tired of his enclosure, he tried to escape. He went down on his knees and crawled under the rails like a worm. A moment later the latch of the kitchen door lifted, and into the scullery bundled that great hairy body. How we pushed and shoved; but we could not turn him, and so we made him "back." His haunches stuck in the doorway, and so we pushed until his hind hoofs slipped on the tiles, and Ned sat down outside. Then I promptly closed the door.

Imagine my surprise on going out ten minutes later—I saw that Ned had risen and gone to a bucket filled with water; at the bottom of the bucket were a few potatoes. He drank and drank until the water was gone so that he might get at them. Dare you doubt his sagacity after such an incident?

His tastes, however, vary. Sometimes he will swallow anything; at others he wants the daintiest delicacies. For instance, mother had occasion to pass the yard. She saw a white fringe hanging from Ned's mouth. That fringe was the last fragment of a huge bath towel, which had but a moment before been whirled from the clothes line. We lectured Edward severely for this, but even as we did so he seized my sister's hair ribbon, with a dexterous snap of his jaws, and gobbled that.

A windy day brought a flannel shirt from a neighbouring clothes line; unfortunately it fell into the paddock. That Ned considered that shirt a delicacy was quickly shown, for he promptly devoured the tail.

Forty chrysanthemums stood all in a row, just in bud. Ned escaped and ran to them and off came each of their beautiful heads. That night Edward went to bed supperless, but the next morning! Daylight showed that there had been "a sound of revelry by night," the bin was open, the corn and chaff had vanished, and hay littered the stable. Ned was so ill that he rolled to the paddock. Oh, he is a boy!

Yet wicked as he is at home, his company or show manners are no improvement on those of every day. Mother and I were driving up Lances Hill. The day was hot, the roads dusty, and Ned obstinate; suddenly we came to a bank of dust swept up by the wind; Ned's feet touched it, his knees bent, his sides heaved, and he rolled over with a snort. He raised a cloud of dust which enveloped us and him; had it

not been for my brother's timely aid I thoroughly believe we should have taken part in that sand bath. As it was, Edward sulked for two whole hours.

Again we drove—but by moonlight, on a cold, frosty night. As we passed the stables at Wood Mill, a large water rat ran across the road before Ned's legs; he shied and ran towards the river. "Jump, mother," I said, "or he will drown us both," but as he plunged into the water the cold frightened him. He swung round, nearly upsetting us, and bolted homewards.

When we first had Ned we did not understand donkeys. He was angelic at first, and then he showed his temper; he seized mother's finger between his teeth, and she was so frightened that she knocked him with her knee under the lower jaw, and almost sent his teeth through her finger.

My worst experience was almost as painful. When I unharnessed him I jumped on his back to ride him to the stable. Down the garden he trotted, then his hind legs shot out, his head was lowered, and his ears laid back, and I—I was ignominiously sitting in the midst of a neighbour's cabbage patch! I pray you draw a veil over my feelings—and later, over Ned's.

In future watch the "Too Late for Classification" column of the *Southern Daily Echo*," and probably you will see:

FOR SALE—nice, quiet DONKEY, very gentle
with children.—Apply, etc. . . .

BEE.



DEBATING SOCIETY. ❧

+ + +



THIS Society continues to be as popular as ever. The meetings have been very well attended, and under the guidance of Prof. Lyttel, we anticipate converting most of the Juniors into fluent and effective speakers. At the beginning of the Session, it was realized that the epithet "literary" applied to our activities was somewhat out of place, especially as the newly-constituted "Forum" proposed to deal with topics of general literary and æsthetic interest. So the title of the Society was shortened, and it is now important to realize that the main aim of our Friday meetings is to produce skilled debaters, and men and women who are ready to speak

at a moment's notice about any topic whatever. Our aims have not yet been fully realized, as many of the impromptu speeches recently delivered clearly showed; but we must remember that students just leaving school are not usually fluent, and no art was ever perfected without abundant practice. The zest displayed by many of the Juniors, both in delivering speeches and in attending the meetings of the Society, is most encouraging to the Committee.

The first general meeting of the Society was held on October 13th. Prof. E. S. Lyttel took the opportunity of explaining for the benefit of new members that the procedure was modelled on that of the most important debating society in the kingdom, viz., the House of Commons. The President urged that all members should take an active, individual part in the debates.

The Prime Minister (Miss M. A. Baker) then asked leave to propose that "Conscription, if justified at all, should be applied to Ireland as well as to England." She wished to emphasise that the Government was not necessarily for or against the principle of Conscription in the abstract, but considered, on grounds of equity, that if the English were compelled to enlist, then the same force should be applied in the case of Ireland.

The Leader of the Opposition (Miss G. Ferguson) then delivered an eloquent speech to oppose the motion. She thought the Irish were a race which required to be led gently. Force such as that proposed by an Irish Conscription measure would be quite useless, and might entirely alienate the Nationalists from the British people. She appealed for sympathy with the downtrodden Irish race. It had been treated unfairly in the past, and we should now take the opportunity of remedying a century of bloodshed and crime by wise and enlightened legislation.

Mr. Avery seconded the Prime Minister, and Mr. Watkins spoke on behalf of the Opposition.

During the discussion which followed seventeen members participated, and, on the motion being put to the House, the Government was defeated. The figures were:—

For the Government	18
For the Opposition	44

Opposition majority	26
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The second general meeting of the Society was held on November 3rd, the President being in the chair.

The Prime Minister (Mr. Fawcett B. Litt, M.Sc.) rose to propose "That, in the opinion of this House, the true aim of education is to fit the individual to the community rather than to develop individual personality." He pointed out that the two most direct educational aims are to the good of the individual and to the good of the community. Of these he asserted the social function to be the higher. He sketched the methods of education among primitive peoples, showing how national tradition is built up by the passing on from one generation to another. He asserted that the object of the nation is to serve the community as a whole, not any individual; to maintain the intellectual heritage of preceding ages, and to provide suitable conditions for the enriching and enlarging of this heritage.

The Leader of the Opposition (Mr. Alker) denounced the opinions of the Prime Minister as being inhuman. He (the Prime Minister) considered the child a machine for the service of the State. Mr. Alker held that to educate for the community will limit the development of individuality, and hence the progress of the nation.

Mr. J. A. Hitchens seconded the Government, and Miss Burnard spoke on behalf of the Opposition.

On the motion being put to the House the Government was victorious.

For the motion	25
Against	18
Government majority					7

The third general meeting of the Society, on November 13th, was of a more or less informal character, impromptu speeches being delivered by various members. The subjects were many and varied. The House declared by ballot that it appreciated the speeches of the following the most:—Messrs. Bratcher, H. J. White and Avery, and Misses Mason, Hunt and Wyatt. Hence Mr. Bratcher and Miss Mason were declared the best speakers of the evening.

It is hoped to have an energetic programme this session; but we can only do this with the loyalty of each individual Senior and the enthusiasm of all the Juniors.

H. J. W.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY. X

▼ ▼ ▼

THIS Session our intention is to conduct as energetic a programme as possible. Last Session's arrangement of holding a meeting every other Tuesday will be followed this Session as far as practicable.

The first meeting was held on October 20th, when Dr. Boyd spoke on the subject of "Science and Industry." In the course of a very interesting lecture, Dr. Boyd showed how in forty years Britain had allowed Germany to rob her of her place as the foremost manufacturer of chemicals and dye-stuffs in the world, although Britain had devised and perfected all the manufacturing processes. Reasons for this remarkable state of affairs were given.

The second meeting was held on October 31st, being preceded by a tea. At this meeting we were honoured by a lecture from our Principal on "The Senses." Dr. Hill showed that we reasoned really upon the experiences of our senses, and how false conclusions in some cases were arrived at by our minds simply because our senses had not come into close enough contact with various phenomena. Dr. Hill then went on to deal with vision in man and in the animal kingdom, showing how it differed in each. Animals' eyes were more sensible to motion than ours, but less sensible to form. The lecture was beautifully illustrated by lantern slides.

Our programme for the rest of this Term is practically filled with lectures by students, and several lectures have been promised for next Term. It will thus be seen that the Scientific Society will be quite an active body during the coming Session.

By way of bringing all the College societies into line, the Scientific Society has this year been affiliated to the Central Union.

W. V. S.

U.C.S.C.U. ✕ ✕

♦ ♦ ♦

THE Session 1916-17 has opened very promisingly for the College Christian Union. Before Term commenced a short Pre-Sessional Conference was held by the Committee, and it was decided to apply for affiliation to the Central Union of the College. The application was granted, and the Christian Union is now one of the affiliated societies.

The Freshers' Welcome Tea, at which Mr. Rees—Travelling Secretary for the Student Christian Movement—spoke on "Work and Aims of the Student Movement," was well attended.

Study Circles in both the men's and women's branches are working well, and members seem very keen. The Prayer Meetings also are much better supported than they were last year.

This Term the first meeting of the South of England Council of the Student Movement was held at Oxford, November 4th—6th, and the two delegates sent from our College found the meetings very helpful.

B. E. H.
J. A. H.

SWANWICK—1916.

♦ ♦ ♦

Vive Swanwick!

Most of us, at first sight of the name "Swanwick," conjure up visions of strawberry fields. Readers, dispel those thoughts, and learn that there is yet another Swanwick in this "little isle set in the silver sea." It is a Swanwick situated in the heart of Derbyshire, a quaint little miners' village, unpicturesque in itself, yet forming a contributory unit in

a fascinating vista of verdant slopes at the southern extremity of the Pennines.

It is at Swanwick that the Student Christian Movement holds its Annual Conference, which is open "to all students studying at British Universities and Colleges, whether members of College Christian Unions or not, and to all members of College Staffs"—to quote the programme of the Conference.

The U.C.S.C.U. was fortunate enough this July to be able to send six delegates to Swanwick, and these six were ably supplemented by the presence of Miss Aubrey, who was a guest at the Conference. Needless to say, our sentiments after a week at the Conference are adequately expressed in the opening sentence of this article.

Before one has been to Swanwick one cannot realise the magnitude of the Student Christian Movement; one cannot understand the precise reason for its existence; neither can one fully appreciate the ideals which we as a body are endeavouring to establish in our colleges, and thereby indirectly in the whole constitution of the country.

We arrived on Wednesday, July 19th, at Butterley Station with the satisfaction of knowing that we should, in the space of a short week, make a great number of fresh acquaintances.

The inconvenience arising from the large number of introductions we should inevitably require was obviated by the wearing of a disc which announced in plain English exactly who we were, what college we came from, and what particular subject we studied at college.

We comprised every nationality and denomination. There were Theologians, Medicals, and Arts, Science, and Education students. All denominations, from Quaker to Kopt, were represented in this unique congregation, and all nationalities, excluding the Germanic, had sent their delegates to voice the sympathies of Christian Unions in other countries. There we were, all gathered together under one large Meeting Tent in the Conference Grounds.

To write about Swanwick is to attempt to describe the indescribable. One feels after leaving Swanwick utterly incapable of doing justice to the sentiments which one entertains respecting it. It is the same with all of us; but if we can succeed in raising the least suspicion of envy among the uninterested people at College we shall feel that we have accomplished our end.

Needless to say, we did not spend the whole of our time under canvas listening to sermons. Everyone had the afternoons "off," and not only were we not compelled to attend every meeting, but we were advised at the commencement not to tire ourselves with a full attendance. Not that the meetings were in any way boring, but the mental strain of attending six or seven meetings each day would have considerably detracted from the enjoyment of the best addresses, which were usually in the evening. The object of the Conference at Swanwick is to widen the outlook on life, and to give a true sense of the meaning of the Christian faith.

Now, when we arrived at the small rural station of Butterley on that eventful Wednesday the weather was glorious. We all streamed across the fields to the Hayes, Swanwick, in the grounds of which the Conference is held. We must have presented an interesting spectacle—a long multi-coloured serpentine mass, in which the "Hartley" colours

were prominent, winding surreptitiously across the meadows towards the Hayes.

Arrived at the field, we men were detailed off to our several marquees. Naturally enough, S —, K — and myself were billeted in "London I." (there being two tents for London University), and we were pleased to find ourselves "co-diggers" with Ronald Rees, whom you all heard at the Welcome Social and Freshers' Tea. Among other occupants of our tent were some Hindoo engineers (unimpossible ones), some Theologues, and delegates from Holland and Denmark.

After obtaining our "identification discs," registering our arrival, and purchasing blankets, we performed the exciting operation of stuffing our palliasses with straw. We had hardly accomplished this when the bugle sounded for tea.

Tea in the Big Tent was (colloquially speaking) "some stunt." We all sat at six long tables, so arranged that we formed three avenues of faces. Meals in the Big Tent were anything but quiet. There being none of the weaker sex with us at meals, the noise we made was rather in excess of the average display at a "Debate" tea. Did we discover a shortage of butter we would shout in perfect rhythm, "WE—WANT—SOME—BUTTER," rolling the final consonant with terrible effect. Man had returned to the primitive state, and was co-operating to obtain by main force whatever he desired.

Every man did his share of "orderly" duty during the week. One day it was the Oxford men; Scotland the next day, London the next, and so on. But if we were in any way displeased with the orderlies for the day we didn't hesitate to shout in crescendo, "THESE—ORDERLIES—ARE—NO—GOOD!!"

Meals were further enlivened by the "upping" of "Bill" Paton—the Camp Manager,—who had always a number of interesting announcements to make. This worthy was particularly noted for clinching his announcements with the necessary time factor, to wit: "Immediately after this meal." After a very few of his orations we became acquainted with this idiosyncrasy, and would finish his announcements by chorusing those words in the usual rhythmical manner.

After tea on this particular Wednesday we attended the opening meeting in the spacious tent provided for the purpose, where, after Tissington Tatlow (Sec., S.C.M.) had made a few preliminary remarks on "How to get the best out of the Conference," we listened to a rattling good address by Rev. Dr. Cairns. We were privileged to hear Dr. Cairns several times during the Conference, and among other speakers we heard Dr. Selbie (Mansfield Coll., Oxford), Canon Carnegie Simpson, and the Bishop of Madras.

Every day at Swanwick began (at the Camp) with a rush across to the "Bath Room," the energetic minority always rousing at 6.30, when "Reveill  " was sounded by the Camp Bugler. The "Bath Room" consisted of an enclosure in which were placed bowls of water which placidly reposed on a number of tables. It was the usual thing to stand shivering in the cold morning air whilst someone finished with his bowl and gave us a further opportunity of lowering our bodily temperature. There were also conveniences for shower-baths, and these were patronised extensively in the heat of the day. So much so that one day the water supply at the Hayes suddenly failed, and we had to do with-

out any water at supper. The Canteen, however, was effectually raided to the extent of several dozen bottles of "pop"—which we found quite a worthy substitute.

But (to quote the papers) we digress. . . .

After a rousing tub we would feel fresh and vigorous, and would look forward with increasing appetites to "brekker" at 8 o'clock. The "Morning Watch" was always observed from 7.30—8 a.m., when we all read our Bibles and said our private prayers, not omitting, however, to pray for the success of the Conference and of the Movement in general. "Brekker" we always enjoyed—a good feed of porridge and "doorsteps."

"After this meal" we adjourned to a morning of meetings in the large Meeting Tent, and we found them exceptionally interesting. Afternoons were usually spent in strolling round the grounds, playing "footer," tennis, cricket (in which the ladies joined), or taking photographs.

The weather was splendid the whole of the week, so that the excursions to Winfield Manor on the Saturday was a great success, and quite the event of the week. We had an exciting time on the high tower at Winfield Abbey (which is in a fine state of preservation), and from the turret we saw extended on all sides a beautiful panorama of hills and dales. The result of this expedition was a startling array of brown faces at the tea table on Saturday, and we hardly felt in a mood to attend the Financial Session which followed.

On Sunday we actually dressed rationally, the majority of us attending the church at Swanwick, where the Bishop of Madras preached an excellent sermon on Foreign Missions. The little church was absolutely packed, and it was strange to be sitting behind a row of dark-skinned students from India and yellow delegates from China, and other eastern nations.

Monday afternoon was Sports Day. We were kept in a continual state of mirth by the exceptionally funny programme. Pillow Fighting, Elephant Races, Ladies' Blindfold Races Biscuit Races were extraordinarily amusing, and must be seen to be appreciated. After the sports our Camp was inspected by the ladies, who voted our tidied and decorated tents a huge success. One of the London men created a diversion by hauling down the Irish flag which the occupants of "Ireland" had so proudly uplifted. The "rag" which followed was of an extremely vigorous nature, as the hot-tempered Irish doused the delinquent with a jug of water. . . .

And the rest of our deeds: how we tires gave the "Gollie" one night at 11.30, and did likewise at the station before we departed; how we twice did two-hours' picket duty, and got wet feet; how K—and myself were lamed on the Tuesday and hobbled round the Camp all day; how we were so sorry to have to pack up on Wednesday, July 26th; and how K—took fourteen hours to get from Derby to "Pompey,"—and existed on three peppermints during the journey: . . . are they not all written in Books of the Chronicles of the Swanwickites? (otherwise—our diaries). And all the funny incidents pertaining to this glorious Retreat, can they not be obtained *viva voce* from either of the "Pompey" Patriarchs, or other delegates.

Only lack of space and time compels me to desist from this rambling essay. But before I put in the final full-stop I must say that my great impression of the Conference was the comparative easiness of being "good" (in the true Christian sense) at Swanwick, isolated as we were from the carking cares of the College curriculum, from the worries and

troubles of everyday life, and from the difficulties and temptations usually encountered by the man or woman who tries to lead an ideal existence in the drab machinery of life. What is more important, an impression made at Swanwick is a lasting one, and a Christian student feels on a different, but surer, footing after a week at Swanwick. So those of you who imagine the Christian religion to be a matter of dead form and purposeless ritual, divorced from practical living, take our tip, be fair before you judge and make a trial of Swanwick first.

J. A. H.

THE TENNIS CLUB. ✕

✕ ✕ ✕

IN spite of the depleted numbers on the men's side of the College, the Tennis Club during the past season went with a swing. It was noticeable, however, that the women of the College were not so much in evidence as might have been expected. Past students on the women's side were well represented. It was impossible to carry the Tournament through to a finish owing to some players driving their games out until too late in the season. It is to be hoped that next year such games will be played as soon as possible. A successful Tea was held with proceeds of the Tournament subscriptions. Three matches were played with scratch teams in the neighbourhood, and, although not successful, on the aggregate of games we managed to pull off several individual sets.

REX

SOIRÉE. ✕ ✕

✕ ✕ ✕

THE annual soirée welcoming the Juniors was held on October 14th, and was highly successful. Many members of staff were present, and Dr. Hill extended a hearty welcome to the newcomers in a brief speech. The musical items coming between the dances constituted a "breather," and were voted as excellent. The engineers, it was noticed, were represented in force. It is to be hoped that they will continue to attend such important social functions as the College soirées.

REX.

HOCKEY NOTES. ✕

✕ ✕ ✕

WE have at last begun our Hockey Season. It seemed at first as if we should have to give up all idea of playing as we could not get a field, despite a small fortune spent in stamps and stationery. Fortunately, however, Mr. Sims kindly offered us the use of the field adjoining his house at Bassett. We gratefully accepted his offer, and it was not long before we were practising to make up for lost time.

The practices which we have had so far have been fairly well attended, both by Seniors and Juniors. Many of the latter show great promise.

Our first match, against the Winchester County Girls' School Eleven took place at Winchester on Saturday, November 11th. It was a very good game, but during the first half our play was rather disappointing. Although much eagerness was displayed, there was a lack of combination. This was only to be expected, considering that the members of our team had not had any practice together. At half-time the score was 1-0, Winchester leading. There was a marked improvement in our play during the second half, however, and the match ended with a draw, 3-3. Miss Moon, Miss Marshall, and Miss Payne were responsible for shooting our goals.

After the match our opponents kindly invited us to tea, which we appreciated very much.

Other fixtures for this season are:—

Nov. 18th—Newport Hockey Club.

Jan. 20th—Cowes' Ladies.

March 3rd—Cowes' Ladies (return match).

S. C. W.

CHORAL SOCIETY.

♦ ♦ ♦

THIS Session the Committee decided that it was impracticable to have any mixed choral classes owing to the small number of men in College. The women students are, however, keeping the Society going, the work for the Session being Cowen's "Rose of Life."

It might be as well to state that the membership of the Choral Society is not limited to normal students. All students, whether Arts or Science, who are interested can assist in the rendering of the cantata if they will apply to Mr. Leake.

A proposition has been made that the men who are musically inclined might form a male voice party. Those who wish to do so can communicate with Mr. Leake or the Secretary.

P. A. M. W.

COMMON ROOM CHAT.

♦ ♦ ♦

Our prospects for the coming Session look particularly bright. The Juniors have "got amongst" things from the start, and are rather a keen lot, and if every man puts his shoulder to the wheel and does his little bit we ought to make things move.

Recent events have proved that the members of M.C.R.C. do not by any means hold sinecures.

We believe that there is a certain class distinction in the W.C.R. Three members of this small community travelled a mile in the same tramcar without even noticing one another.

Who is the Junior who mistook Mr. Gregory for a prof.?

Feeds seem to be the Coll. weakness just at present. Why not come down in time to have breakfast before the first lec.? We might have a little music as well.

Mr. Crossley has received a letter from Mr. Braine, who is at the Front, and who wishes to be remembered to all the students.

THE HON. SEC.

THE FORUM. x

TOWARDS the close of last Session it was recognised by several of the Seniors and, incidentally, by various members of Staff, that something was lacking in the numerous activities of the conglomeration of affiliated societies which are represented on the Central Committee. There seemed to be no society whose definite aim and purpose it was to cultivate the study of literature, and to recognize the beauty prevalent in all the fine arts. Prof. Shelley gave lectures on Italian painting to students during part of last Term, and occasionally he presided over a reading circle, when, in his own inimitable style, passages from Browning, Masfield, and Ibsen were delivered. These activities started the desire for something permanent in the form of a new society designed to study seriously all that was beautiful in the fine arts. With the advent of Prof. Cock at the beginning of this Term the movement received an impetus, as he expressed a desire to assist us in the formation of a society on the lines mentioned. With the permission of the Principal, and the sanction of the Central Committee, a general meeting was held to elect a committee. The title of the Society had been decided upon only after long and careful deliberation, but the "Forum" seemed the most comprehensive suggestion as we hope occasionally to debate on political topics as well as to discuss points in literary criticism.

The first meeting was held on November 7th, when Prof. Cock (the President) delivered a most instructive lecture on "The Poetry of Rosetti." We had a distinguished gathering at tea, the Principal being present, with about fifteen members of Staff and nearly seventy students. Songs were rendered by various artistes, the principal item being delivered by the newly-formed Quartette Party.

Prof. Cock first gave a general historical survey of the life of Rosetti, and then gave an estimate of his importance in the world of literature during the late Victorian era. His works abound with imagination, and, like Browning, he has made human love appear divine; but, different from that great literary genius, has carried tears beyond the tomb. Prof. Cock delighted his audience with carefully-chosen selections from Rosetti's works. The reading of "The Blessed Damsel" evoked particular applause. Mr. H. J. White then proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was seconded by Miss M. A. Baker.

We hope to touch on all branches of the Forum's activities during the coming Session. We have promises for lectures on Masfield, Ibsen, social and musical topics. Our time of meeting has not yet been fixed permanently, but notice will be given in due course. In commencing the

Session's work we appeal most heartily for the enthusiastic support of all interested in literature or the fine arts. The success of a society is what the students make it. We are fortunate in securing the approval and support of many members of Staff, whose assistance will be invaluable during the coming Session.

H. J. W.

WOMEN'S COMMON ROOM.

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As is usually the case, this Term the W.C.R. has been in great demand, since it is the warmest and most comfortable room in Coll., and whenever possible we adjourn to it. As we sit shivering in lecs. we think of it with longing, for, in spite of the restrictions on the consumption of fuel, we generally are able to have a roaring fire, for which there is a huge rush, as near the stroke of 11.15 a.m. as possible: while those who are kept late by unfeeling Profs. have to be content with a mere glimpse of its glories.

Owing to the war, "meltis" and marzipan have been supplanted by dough-nuts, "chest protectors," and buns of all shapes and sizes. Anyone casually entering the C.R. at interval might well exclaim: "Buns to right of me, buns to left of me," for everyone partakes thereof, and even our latest edition had its share. For be it known to all people that we "had" a cat. Alas! it is now no more, and we know not where it is. Perhaps Charlie could enlighten us.

Many of us have been working hard this Term,—preparing teas for various societies; though our energies do not seem to have met with much appreciation. There have certainly been a great number this Term, so that the C.R. has had an unusually festive appearance on many occasions.

We must not forget to mention that we have had two visitors from the M.C.R., and we would like to extend a very hearty welcome to those who enter our beloved room thus precipitately and unexpectedly. Doubtless they had no time to observe its beauties, so we hope they will come again sometime in the future to admire it in a more leisurely fashion.

FOOTBALL CLUB.

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RESURGAM!

It was in the month of January, 1916, that, after a lingering illness and great efforts at revival, the "noble game and playe of Footeballe" died a natural, but hard, death.

But with the advent into College society of some half-dozen juvenile disciples of the defunct pastime it was resuscitated (the pastime, not Coll. society), and a committee was formed, with Mr. Gregory as captain, for the purpose of sustaining the resurrected sport.

At the time of going to press we have experienced a great difficulty in booking a playing ground, and, although we have several fixtures arranged, we cannot hold any practice matches at present.

J. A. H.

